

A Nightmare On Neibolt Street by AMKelley

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Summary: *Happy Halloween* He stood there frozen for a moment, unable to move from his spot because he was so petrified. It wasn't until a minute later when he heard his name again, but further away this time. It sounded like it was coming from 29 Neibolt and Stan shivered at the thought. (Patrick/Stan)

A Nightmare On Neibolt Street

Warning(s): AU, PWP, sexual content, underage, mildly dubious consent, rough sex, biting, rimming, humiliation

The Losers were out trick or treating and it was kind of early in the evening. The sun had barely just gone down and there were still plenty of houses giving out candy. Bill, Eddie, Mike, and Richie were going as the Ghostbusters while Ben had dressed up as Han Solo and Stan was Marty McFly from Back to the Future. Georgie had gotten sick the day prior, so he wasn't out trick or treating with them this year, which turned out to be a good thing all things considered.

The whole night took a turn for the worse, to say the least. They were over by Tracker Bros. discussing where they should head to next when Henry and his goon squad showed up and started harassing kids for their candy. They were all dressed up as well and had moderately sized bags filled with candy. The Losers tried sneaking off unseen before they were noticed, but the moment Henry caught sight of Richie it was too late.

Henry and his friends sprang into action, causing the Losers to take off in different directions. Richie and Eddie ran off towards the baseball diamond behind Tracker Bros., Ben and Mike went down Costello Avenue, and Bill headed to Jackson Street. Before Stan could comprehend what was happening, his legs automatically carried him southbound down Kansas Street.

His heart was pounding the whole way. Stan could hear the footfalls of someone chasing him, but he didn't know who. Just before he took off he saw Henry go after Richie and Eddie, but there was no telling which of the other three was after him. They sounded close so Stan assumed it was either Victor or Patrick, considering Belch was on the heftier side and would be slightly slower.

Either way, it didn't matter. He was still being chased and his legs were doing their damndest to propel him down the street fast enough to get away. Stan nearly crashed into several other kids and their chaperoning parents a few times during the pursuit, but he didn't

have time to stop and apologize. He barely had enough sense to clutch onto his bag of candy and the precious bundle swung to and fro as he was chased.

After about a minute or so, Stan could no longer hear the sound of feet hitting the pavement behind him and slowed down long enough to catch his breath. He braced his hands on his knees and bent over to pant. It wasn't until he straightened up took a look around that Stan realized where he was. He had been chased all the way down to Neibolt Street and that was the last place Stan wanted to be. Especially on Halloween.

The whole street was dead quiet, save for a few ambient noises of rustling leaves and twigs snapping. Stan jerked around towards the sound, heart still racing as he anticipated whatever ghoul would jump out and get him. The only light was coming from an overhead street light and Stan had to squint slightly to peer into the field. He couldn't really tell what was making the sound, or if there even was anything out there, due to lack of illumination.

His father had told him to bring a flashlight with him before he left, but Stan figured he'd be fine since Bill, Mike, and Eddie were already bringing their's. Stan wishes he would've listened, because now he's getting chills and being so close to the Neibolt house was making him slightly anxious. A flashlight wouldn't protect him, but it would calm his nerves a little for starters. Just as he was about to cut his losses, Stan heard someone whispering his name from behind and whipped around so fast he almost stumbled over his own feet.

Stan's heart sank when he saw no one was there, which was odd since it sounded as if his name was whispered directly into his ear. The air around him felt somehow colder as well, like the temperature dropped a couple degrees. He stood there frozen for a moment, unable to move from his spot because he was so petrified. It wasn't until a minute later when he heard his name again, but further away this time. It sounded like it was coming from 29 Neibolt and Stan shivered at the thought. Without even thinking, Stan began to walk towards the house despite his better judgement as the voice continued to call out to him.

Stan mindlessly approached the door, being beckoned by the

ominous whispers, as if he had no control over his motor functions. It's like he was under a spell and was being drawn to the house. Stan felt a weight in his chest that seemed to pull him along until he was in the foyer of the house. He was overcome with a dizzying headrush that left him swooning slightly, but the whispering had finally stopped if only for the time being.

After a brief moment, Stan was able to regain his senses a little and looked all around him. Surprisingly, the place wasn't pitch black like Stan would've suspected. In fact, there were plenty of oil lamps scattered around the house bright enough to illuminate his surroundings. It was honestly more creepy than it being pitch black, because that would imply someone actually had to come in here and light these. But who? And why?

"Stan..."

"Who's there?" Stan gasped, staring wide-eyed at nothing in particular.

Of course there was no response and Stan shouldn't have been so cliché, but he was frightened. The voice called to him again, his name floating down from the top of the stairs, and Stan felt compelled to follow it further into the house. He couldn't explain why he didn't just leg it out of there, but something was keeping Stan from leaving. Whether it was morbid curiosity or something more insidious, Stan wasn't certain. But he was making his way up the stairs regardless.

Stan held onto the railing as he ascended the staircase. He could hear Eddie in his head complaining already about there being termites or wood rot or even, heaven forbid, splinters. Those were the last things on Stan's mind however. The air was so close and heavy the higher he climbed and it made it hard for Stan to breathe. He suddenly recalled that poem Bill had recited to him on a few occasions and it really resonated with him now. He could only ever remember a few lines, but reciting them helped to calm his nerves, if only a little.

"Yesterday upon the stair, I met a man who wasn't there. He wasn't there again today, I wish, I wish he'd go away," Stan whispered in an endless mantra.

The voice was still speaking to him, but Stan combated this with Bill's poem until he reached a room and the voice dissipated. Stan recited the poem one more time before he summoned up the courage to open up the door and face whatever was in the room. He grasped the old rusted knob and turned it, or at least tried to. The door wasn't budging. Stan jiggled it a few times but to no avail. He was going to have to force it open if he was really destined to find out who or what was behind the door.

He thought about what would be the best approach. Kicking it would be a lost cause and would only get himself hurt, but maybe if he used his shoulder... Stan gripped the doorknob and dropped his shoulder as he braced himself. Stan used all his strength and sent his weight hurling into the door. The door gave way and Stan almost collided with the floor as he stumbled into the room. The only reason he didn't is because he practically fell on someone as he entered.

"What the fuck!" The person exclaimed.

Stan was caught by arms wrapping around his waist as he fell into the stranger's embrace much to both of their surprise. Stan was pushed roughly away after a short period of pure confusion and reeled back to see who it was. Stan was slightly taken aback, not knowing whether to feel relieved or more scared than he already was.

"You!" Patrick barked.

"You?" Stan gaped.

"You got a lot of nerve locking me up in this room, Uris!" Patrick accused, grabbing Stan by his vest.

"Me?" You were the one calling out to me like a stalker!" Stan argued right back, furrowing his brows as he grappled with Patrick's grip.

"Oh yeah, you wish I'd call out for you," Patrick snorted with a grin. "Probably get you all hard, wouldn't it?"

"Get bent!" Stan sighed as he swatted Patrick's hand away.

"I mean it, you little shit! You have some explaining to do twerp,"

Patrick threatened, grabbing Stan again and pulling him in close until he was in his face. "If this was you and your little *buddies* idea of a joke, it isn't funny! You fucked with the wrong person this time!"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Stan nearly shouted, letting himself be pulled around by his bright orange vest. "I literally had to break the door down just to get in here! Besides, I'm not the creep that lit all those lamps."

"What are you talking about? Those were already lit when I got here!" Patrick swore.

This left them at a stand still for a brief spell, as all they could do was just stare at each other in disbelief as they both take into account the situation and joined knowledge. Patrick released Stan's vest slightly and straightened himself out until he was towering over the younger boy once again. Patrick stared at the boy with a skeptical gaze as Stan peered up at him wide eyes.

"You're seriously not fucking with me?" Patrick inquired, voice neutral now that he's had a moment to calm down.

"I didn't even know you were in here," Stan stated truthfully. He felt himself relax for the first time that night. Like a huge weight was finally lifted off his chest. "You really weren't calling my name?"

"No... Would've been funny to see your face though," Patrick teased with a smirk. "You got anything good in there?"

"What?" Stan stammered, blushing when he saw the way Patrick was staring at him.

"Candy," Patrick clarified, gesturing towards Stan with a claw hand Stan only just realized was part of his costume.

Stan glanced down at his side to see he was still clutching at his bag of halloween candy. He raised it up with a dumbfounded expression, as if extending it out towards Patrick.

"Oh, uh, here..."

Patrick snatched the bag out of his hand and went rifling around

until he found what he wanted. Patrick stuffed the bag under his arm, holding it there as his fingers unwrapped a tootsie pop. Stan watched as the older boy popped the sucker into his mouth and worked his lips and tongue all around it. It was only now that Stan noticed Patrick was dressed up like Freddy Krueger from those Elm Street movies which Stan was, admittedly, too afraid to watch by himself. It was complete with the dirty sweater and claw hand, though the hat was missing.

He must've been staring because Patrick tossed the bag of candy back at Stan and flashed his Freddy glove, making the hinges rattle a little.

"Like my costume?" Patrick asked with a raised brow. "I made it myself."

"Are they real?"

"Wanna find out?" Patrick taunted in jest as he raised the claw towards Stan, though there was a part of him that wasn't joking. He lowered his hand. "Who are you supposed to be?"

"Marty McFly," Stan told him.

"From that time travel movie with the delorean?"

"Yeah."

"Nerd," Patrick huffed.

Patrick brushed past him and walked back out into the hallway, leaving Stan all by himself. Stan stood there for only a few seconds before he was following Patrick's lead, seeing as how he didn't want to be alone in this creepy place. He kept asking himself why he didn't just leave already, but there was something keeping him here. Plus, he was slightly intrigued by Patrick's intentions.

Stan followed Patrick as they wandered around the Neibolt house aimlessly, tossing over old furniture and rummaging through dressers in search of something interesting. Stan wasn't sure what Patrick was doing, but the oil lamps kept calling to attention the strangeness of the whole situation.

"Who do you think lit the lamps?" Stan inquired while they were looking around a bedroom on the second floor.

"I dunno," Patrick shrugged, kicking over a piece of plaster on the ground. "Maybe it was a crackhead squatter."

"Where are they now?"

"How the hell should I know?" Patrick answered sarcastically, scraping his claw hand over the surface of an armoire.

"Don't you think it's a little strange what happened to us?" Stan pressed, rubbing at one of his arms when a slight chill engulfed the room.

"This house is like a century old. The door probably just got stuck," Patrick surmised logically.

"Then who was saying my name?"

"Maybe it was the crackhead," Patrick teased as he got it Stan's face. "He's probably a pedophile and wants to kidnap you or something."

"Why would someone wanna kidnap me?" Stan asked as Patrick tapped wooden surfaces with his claw and worked on his lollipop.

"Are you kidding me? Look at you," Patrick deadpanned in disbelief, looking Stan up and down. "You're cute and innocent. Not to mention naive. You're easy prey. Hell, I might just have to steal you for myself before someone else beats me to it."

"That's not funny," Stan said with a blush of embarrassment.

"Who says it's a joke?" Patrick challenged, taking a step towards Stan. "If anything, it's a compliment."

"Me getting kidnapped is a *compliment*?" Stan reiterated, trying to make sense of Patrick's ever shifting logic.

"People only steal valuable things, right? If someone decided they wanted to take you, that would mean you're valuable in their eyes," Patrick explained, seeing no error or flaw in his way of thinking.

"Yeah, but... Freddy Krueger kidnapped children just to kill them," Stan pointed out.

"That's just a movie! That doesn't count," Patrick brushed off, sighing heavily as he went about scouring the room. Stan was still staring at him like he was insane, and yeah maybe he was, but Patrick wasn't going to argue about it. "I'm just saying that if *I* kidnapped you, it would be a compliment."

"Thank you?" Stan said with uncertainty.

"Whatever..."

Patrick went back to scouring the room for whatever he could find and occupy himself with as Stan just stood there feeling both intrigued and slightly bewildered in a single bound. He knew what Patrick was trying to say but the whole exchange seemed weird to him. Patrick's brain worked in a way that was uniquely him and Stan couldn't wrap his head around it. Stan knows Patrick is the enemy, however there was a certain curiosity that made him want to understand him better.

"*Stan...*"

Stan gasped and let go of his bag of candy, sending the contents scattering across the old decrepit floor. It was the same voice before and Stan knew for sure that it wasn't Patrick after all. The air felt cold again as it undulated throughout the room, but this time it lingered for a moment before shifting towards the other side of the room. It was in this moment when Patrick heard the voice calling out to him with an insidious plan.

"Yes," Patrick said out loud to a person who wasn't there.

Stan glanced over at Patrick, furrowing his eyebrows as Patrick turned towards Stan and plucked the sucker from his mouth. Patrick's claw hand jingled as he flicked his fingers and rattled them ominously.

"Patrick?"

Patrick had a funny look about him which unsettled Stan a little, but

he couldn't move from his spot despite everything telling him to back away. It was like the feeling he got earlier, but this time it felt as if he was glued to the ground. Patrick walked over to Stan slowly, like a predator stalking its prey. Stan felt a shudder roll down his spine as a smirk spread across Patrick's face. Patrick's grin widened when he saw how nervous Stan was and his teeth gleamed menacingly as he circled the younger boy like a cat. He flicked his tongue against the hard candy shell of the tootsie pop and extended it towards Stan.

"Wanna taste?" Patrick offered, grin still wide.

"What's wrong with your voice?" Stan inquired, noticing there was a slight inflection to Patrick's tone that wasn't present before.

"It's raspberry," Patrick continued, ignoring Stan as he brought his claw hand up to Stan's face.

The younger boy flinched a little when the cold metal grazed his cheek, eliciting a pleased hum from Patrick. Thankfully Patrick was using the blunt side of the blades as he caressed Stan's cheek softly. Well, as softly as possible. Patrick brought the sucker back up to his mouth and sucked on it liberally, going so far as to rub it all over his lips to coat them with the sweet sticky flavor of raspberry. He applied it like a lip balm that was just begging to be licked off and Stan's mouth watered at the sight of it glistening on Patrick's lips.

"You wanna taste now, don't you?" Patrick tempted, grinning like a shark. "Go for it."

It was that voice again, but instead of an overwhelming sense of unease it was replaced by something else entirely. It was almost hypnotic in a way, like a lullaby coaxing Stan into a state of blissful ignorance. Without even giving it a second thought, Stan leaned forward and pressed his lips against Patrick's. Stan sighed into the contact, letting his lips linger a little bit longer so he could have more of that sweet taste. When Patrick parted his lips Stan knew it was over.

The older boy flung his claw hand to and fro until the glove came loose and clattered to the ground. Patrick took this time while Stan was distracted to start undressing the younger boy. Stan was too

caught up in the taste of raspberry to even notice he was being stripped down. Patrick broke off the kiss and shoved the tootsie pop into Stan's mouth before the boy could whine or protest and went to suck on his neck instead.

Stan tried hanging onto Patrick as his clothing was stripped from his body, but he was so light-headed that even that was a difficult task. It didn't matter either way as the orange vest and jean jacket were the first to go along with the button up and undershirt following soon after. Marty McFly wore too many damn layers of clothing and Patrick wasn't exactly a fan of it, to say the least. But damn did Stan look cute wearing it. The only thing better was Stan being bared before him.

Patrick grabbed one side of Stan's neck and sank his teeth into him, causing him to shudder as it rendered him weak in the knees. Stan couldn't explain it, but it was as if the bite itself had paralyzed him. Stan's mouth watered as he whimpered around the sucker Patrick put in his mouth. Patrick's other hand went around to cup the younger boy's bottom and squeezed at it tenderly. All Stan could do was squirm as Patrick bit and manhandled him.

"Patrick-" Stan gasped, but the rest of his sentence fell flat as his voice failed him.

He wasn't sure what the follow up to that was. Did he want him to stop? Did he want more? Stan didn't have much say in the matter since he felt incapacitated. He was like a fly ensnared in a web and Patrick was slowly sucking the life force out of him. This was made even more apparent as Patrick bent down and scooped Stan up into his arms. Stan's arms and legs automatically wrapped around Patrick's body on their own accord.

Patrick carried the younger boy over towards the old queen sized bed and laid him down against the filthy surface. A plume of dust rose from the impact and dissipated as Stan settled against the scratchy linens. Stan felt weighed down to the bed, like he was slowly sinking into a tar pit, despite Patrick having an easy time with handling him like a doll. Patrick grabbed Stan's legs one at a time and pulled his shoes off with little fuss. His limbs were heavy and his head was swimming and it made Stan wonder if this is what being drunk was

like.

Patrick pulled the tootsie pop out of Stan's mouth and popped it into his instead, pushing it to one side of his mouth as he grinned. Stan could see the change in Patrick's eyes as the older boy stared down at him with a hooded expression. He knew what that look meant. Deep inside the recesses of his mind, Stan knew what was happening. He didn't, however, know whether or not that frightened him. Ever since he entered the Neibolt house Stan had a strange feeling and *this* proved something was amiss.

"Patrick..."

The older boy seemed to ignore the way Stan stared at him because he was pulling the Freddy sweater over his head and tossed it aside. His hair fell down around his face, looking messy already as he stripped down. He kicked his shoes off with ease, not even stumbling and popped the buckle on his pants off. Patrick undid his fly, letting his pants fall to the ground with a soft rustle, and kicked them aside as well. He was down to his underwear now, much like Stan, but it left little to the imagination.

Stan didn't have a lot of time to take in the sight because Patrick was already climbing onto the bed after him. Stan still couldn't move even if he wanted, but he figured that was okay if not a little panic inducing. Patrick took the lollipop out of his mouth and dipped down and bit his neck once more, breaking skin this time. It didn't hurt, surprisingly. It did leave behind a numbing sensation that should've worried Stan, but there was something compelling him to remain calm and it washed over him like medicine.

Later, Stan would realize it was the bite that had incapacitated him, but right now he felt so light-headed he thought he might float away from his body. Everything was a blur after that. He could hear Patrick talking to him, or maybe it was the voice from earlier? Stan could no longer differentiate between the two. All he could focus on was the way Patrick was touching him all over.

He managed to turn Stan over onto his stomach and pull his underwear off at some point and raised his hips up. Stan's upper body was planted firmly into the mattress while his lower half was raised

thanks to his knees propping him up. Patrick spread his legs apart, lowering him just slightly, but in turn exposing the younger boy to the cold stale air of the decrepit room. Stan gasped out of habit more than anything when his intimate areas were put on display for Patrick.

The slightest touch or gust of air was enough to make Stan's toes curl and managed to flinch a little when he felt something press against his entrance. Patrick had sucked liberally on his tootsie pop and started to rub it around the ring of muscle. It left behind a sticky trail of raspberry flavor as he teased the rim with the sweet treat. Stan actually squirm slightly at this despite feeling like he was being weighed down by cinderblocks. The sensation was so strange, yet intriguing that it made Stan mewl a little when Patrick applied some pressure.

The sucker was soon replaced by something wet and rigid and it took a moment for Stan to realize it was Patrick's tongue licking off all the artificial flavoring. Stan inhaled sharply, taken aback by the feeling at first. Patrick's tongue teased and lapped all around his entrance lovingly, trying to get more of that sweet taste. Stan could only moan into the mattress as Patrick dared to delve a little more thoroughly around his entrance. Stan was given a moment of reprieve when Patrick pulled away.

"You taste so *good*," Patrick purred against Stan's damp hole. He brought a hand up and rubbed the pad of his thumb against the ring of muscle. "Do you like how that feels, Stan?"

Patrick pushed his thumb into Stan's body without warning and it made the boy cry out shortly. It wasn't so much that it hurt, in fact Stan's body felt slightly numb to pain, but more so of the fact that it caught him off guard. Stan pushed back against Patrick's hand out of instinct and whimpered when his thumb slipped further inside him. Patrick's free hand squeezed at one of Stan's cheeks as he worked the digit in and out of Stan.

"You *do* like that, don't you?" Patrick teased, almost as if he was accusing Stan but the amusement was evident in his voice. "Do you want more?"

Patrick didn't even wait for a response because the voice was telling him to do so. He replaced his thumb with his index and middle finger instead, plunging deeper and allowing himself to stretch the tight ring by wiggling his fingers all around in Stan's body. Stan was making noises again, whimpering mostly because he didn't know what else to do as Patrick fingered him, and clutched at the dirty linens in an attempt to ground himself further into the mattress. Which seemed silly in retrospect since Stan already felt as if he weighed a ton.

But he held onto the bed tightly anyway as Patrick stretched his entrance with his long fingers. He thought could hear Patrick mumbling something under his breath, as if he were talking to someone else, but Stan was so overwhelmed that he couldn't be sure. Stan was more concerned with concentrating on how Patrick's fingers were brushing up against the walls of his tight channel. He was making so much noise that at one point Patrick leaned over his body and stuck the sucker back in Stan's mouth.

Stan sucked on it proactively, even tasting himself on it a little, and moaned around it as Patrick fingered him thoroughly. The raspberry flavored candy was dissolving in his mouth at a steady rate with how much he was salivating and moaning. The bed shifted and dipped behind him as Patrick rose up on his knees to tower over the expanse of Stan's small body and Stan shuddered in anticipation. Stan was naive in every sense of the word, but he knew what Patrick was intending to do to him by this point.

"Are you ready for my cock baby?" Patrick whispered into Stan's ear, but it wasn't him talking.

Even through Stan's sedated stupor, he could tell that wasn't Patrick's voice. Not entirely, at least. They were words that Patrick *meant*, but he had no control over saying them. But that's not to say it wasn't intentional. Stan could tell there was a presence lingering in this house the moment he walked through the front door and whatever it was, it was using Patrick as a conduit of sorts. But why? Why *this*? Stan's stream of consciousness was cut short when Patrick breached Stan's body with the rigid muscle of his manhood.

The initial breach wasn't as painful as Stan would've thought and it

should have hurt, he knows that much, but the pain was almost non-existent. There was still that tiny pinch that pulled at his insides a little, but it wasn't unbearable. It was quite pleasing in a way, actually. The feeling only seemed to build up from there when Patrick started to move his hips against Stan's body, bringing to surface all the obscenities and words of praise that had been dancing on the tip of Patrick's tongue.

"You feel so *good*," Patrick groaned into Stan's ear, humping desperately against the boy's lithe body. "I've thought about fucking you for the longest time."

Again, it was *that voice* speaking for Patrick, but the words and actions rang true in Patrick's demeanor. It's almost as if Patrick's greatest desire had taken him over completely and now he was riding shotgun in his own body. It didn't explain why Stan wasn't able to move or why he was seemingly okay with the whole situation. Then again...

Stan's whole body jerked to life and he pushed backwards onto Patrick's thrust, lodging the older boy's cock deep inside him further than before and he called out. The sucker fell from his mouth but the taste still lingered as the weights were lifted from Stan's body. He raised up on his hands, finding the willpower and strength to do so, and actively rocked back onto Patrick's hips by his own volition. Stan was overcome by something he's never felt before and he was frantically trying to chase it by fucking himself on Patrick's cock.

"*Fuck...*" Patrick gasped and this time it was *him*.

There was no change in Patrick's demeanor aside from that, but he did resort to grabbing Stan by the hips and thrusting harder than he had previously. It even hurt Stan a little this time around. Patrick's thrusts became erratic and fervent when Stan's body tensed all around him. Stan was so tight that it was almost hard to fuck him properly, but it still had the desired effect and got the job done. Stan's hole was moving along his cock perfectly enough.

There came a point when all Patrick could do was fuck Stan shallowly, pulling out just a little before slamming back into him sharply enough to make Stan cry out. Patrick leaned over Stan's body,

cradling the young boy in his arms as he fucked him deeply. Patrick had an arm wrapped around Stan's waist while he crossed the other one over his slim chest, holding him close so he could whisper filthy things into Stan's ear.

"You're so fucking tight but you're taking my cock so good," Patrick praised, nipping at Stan's ear a little.

He straightened up until he was in a kneeling position, bringing Stan up with him. Stan's back was flush against Patrick's chest and his erection bobbed freely in the stagnant air. The only thing keeping him upright as Patrick fucked him shallowly were the arms wrapped around his body. Stan reached up and clung to Patrick's arms, letting his head fall back against the older boy's left shoulder. Stan's whole body was stretched out and bared, bowing in such a way that his ass was fully on Patrick's groin.

"Your body is so sexy," Patrick continued, peppering Stan with compliments as he grunted and thrustured harshly. "So *small*."

At this, Patrick reached down, caressing the flat of Stan's stomach on the way, and curled a hand around Stan's hard on. Stan gasped, arching into the contact as Patrick stroked his leaking cock, and let out the softest of moans. What made it even better was that Patrick was still thrusting into him at just the right angle to make his thighs tremble from the added pleasure.

"You got a pretty little cock too. I could easily fit all of it in my mouth," Patrick boasted, the smirk evident in his tone.

He sounded a lot more like himself, but there was still that residual tinge of something otherworldly. The implication of Patrick's words made his cheeks burn hot with embarrassment, but the fact that Patrick liked his, for lack of a better term, *short comings* gave him a sense of approval. Of all the people to make him feel accepted, Patrick would've been last on his list, but that clearly wasn't the case. Far from it, actually.

"You love having this big cock inside you?" Patrick inquired, thrusting against Stan so hard that Stan's cock automatically fucked itself into the older boy's palm. "Come on. Tell me."

"Yes," Stan whispered like he was almost ashamed to admit it.

He didn't know what else to add onto that or if he should. Stan thought maybe he should give Patrick a compliment about it, but what could he say that already hasn't been said or implied? That Patrick's cock felt good or that he liked that Patrick was so much bigger than him? Because it did feel good. It felt great even. But that all seemed too obvious, so Stan said the next best thing he could think of.

"Fuck me harder," Stan whined, whimpering low in his throat when Patrick's hand twisted along his cock.

With that, Patrick let go of Stan entirely, needing to hear no more, and pushed him into the mattress like he had been before and grabbed him by the hips. Stan had his head turned to one side so he wasn't smothered into the linens and let out a string of moans that fluctuated in intensity. His eye caught sight of the mostly eaten tootsie pop laying beside his head and brushed it away so he could claw at the bed. Stan's waist was so small that Patrick's hand nearly eclipsed them as they gripped tightly enough to keep Stan in place as he was fucked into the lumpy, box spring busted mattress.

His whole body lunged up and down the length of the mattress as Patrick put all his weight into each thrust. The bed creaked and bounced in a steady rhythm from the impact of Patrick and Stan's hips colliding. Patrick was nearly pulling out all of the way before he'd slam his hips flush against Stan's again. He kept up the pace, going so far as to yank Stan back onto his groin whenever his hips got tired.

Stan was barely coherent by the end of it all, resorting to drooling when he forgot to close his mouth or swallow his saliva every so often. He was lucid enough to hear Patrick praising him again, but the sensations coiling in the pit of his stomach rendered him virtually useless as far as moving was concerned. He let Patrick do all the work and move him around when needed, not to mention stroke his cock in time with his thrusts, and just held on as long as he could.

"Fuck, you're gonna make me come," Patrick proclaimed, hips speeding up just slightly.

His breath quickened and the hand on Stan's cock sped up substantially, coaxing an orgasm out of the younger boy as Patrick reached the pinnacle of his own climax. Patrick leaned over Stan's back, hips moving so damn fast he felt like a rabbit, and rested his forehead against the back of the boy's perspiring neck as his hips stuttered and bottomed out. Patrick was so deep inside him that it left a slight pang trembling throughout Stan's body that made him raise his head and call out.

Stan's whole body shook with the shock of Patrick's cock twitching and pulsating against the walls of his tight channel, causing the younger boy to lose his breath for a second. He only regained it a moment later when Patrick's fist finally brought him to completion and had him trembling against the older boy. The mattress beneath him became even more soiled from his release, but it honestly didn't matter at this point.

Patrick wrapped his arms around Stan and held him close as the boy came down from his orgasmic high. Patrick was still inside Stan, holding onto the boy in a tender embrace. It was the type of bedside manner Stan didn't expect from Patrick, but was thankful nonetheless. Patrick was even kind of handsy afterwards, caressing all over Stan's body and raking a hand through his curly hair. It was behavior someone like Patrick shouldn't be able to be capable of, but here they are.

The whole situation was bizarre and, admittedly, kind of gross considering where they are, but it happened and now Stan has to live with it. Patrick nuzzled his nose into Stan's hair and sighed. Stan shivered when he felt the older boy's breath tickle his neck and let himself smile a little. Stan heard his name being murmured into his ear which prompted him to give a lazy *hmm?* in response. His name was spoken again and Stan offered a more lucid *what?* this time.

"Stan!"

"What?" Stan responded, coming out of his stupor.

Stan blinked a few times and shook his head as he looked all around him, noticing that he was no longer inside the Neibolt house and that his friends were staring at him with wide concerned eyes. He even

had his bag of candy again. He felt light-headed and swooned slightly, causing Bill to reach out and place a reassuring hand on his shoulder. Mike and Ben stared at him incredulously while Eddie and Richie were arguing about something. Stan had no clue what the hell was going on or how he ended up outside.

"Are y-you o-o-okay?" Bill asked, squeezing Stan's shoulder.

"Bullshit he is," Richie mumbled.

"How did I get outside?" Stan said, getting nothing but weird looks from his friends.

"You've been standing out here like a zombie for fifteen minutes," Richie informed, sounding slightly irritable like that should've been obvious to Stan.

"Yeah man, you were even drooling," Mike added.

"Maybe he's rabid! What if he got rabies or something?" Eddie cried dramatically.

"He doesn't have rabies," Richie retorted.

"We've been saying your name trying to wake you up," Ben said.

"What happened to you, man?" Mike asked.

Stan isn't even sure anymore, judging by what his friends were telling him. Should he even tell him what happened if it even *did* happen? Would they believe him? Stan looked around at his friends, feeling anxious with all their eyes on him and decided against bringing up the Patrick incident.

"I was chased," Stan stated, sounding like he was reading off of a script.

"Well no shit. We were all chased," Richie huffed, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Shut up, Richie!" Bill snapped, breaking his stutter.

"I went inside the Neibolt house to hide. I guess it just freaked me out," Stan lied. "Sorry if I scared you guys."

"Don't worry about it," Mike reassured, patting him on the back with an easy smile. "We just wanna make sure *you're* okay."

"I'm fine. Really," Stan brushed off with a somewhat strained smile, but they seemed to buy it. "Come on, let's go get some candy."

"Finally someone's talking some damn sense!" Richie moaned, grabbing Eddie by the arm and dragging him off.

"Are y-you s-s-sure?" Bill asked, still worried. "I c-c-can t-take you home."

"I'm fine, Bill," Stan reiterated.

He really appreciated Bill's concern and after what may or may not have happened, he kind of needed it. It wasn't so much of what happened, but the fact that it was all seemingly a dream. He didn't feel any different than he had before and his Marty McFly costume was in perfect order. It didn't make sense to Stan, and it would bother him for the rest of the night, but he had his friends by his side now and Bill was actively keeping an eye on him just in case.

The whole night had been *strange* to say the least, but what's more bizarre was that Stan still had the taste of raspberry in his mouth.